

scrambled hair, sambraros and necktles that the paper on which newspapers are printed is handled in this way, but many of the higher grades of wood papers and paper stock. Some years ago I remember to have attended an expesition where the wood which was growing on the sheep's back in the morning of a certain early was clipped, washed, dressed, died and waven into cloth, cut and made up into sufficient I saw eatton growing on the bishes in the morning that same content by the cloth had been picked, maintactured into cloth, cut and made up into garments which were worn by the governors of Georgia and adjoining states and their indies that evening. All of this was done in twelve hours. In one of my own mills recently exhibited how things could be done in a hurry when there was necessity 1 had at order from a New York newspaper for a lot of paper which I knew to be 'immediate or quick if possible,' and we determined to show what could be done which equally exhibited how things could be done in a hurry when there was necessity 1 had at order from a New York newspaper for a lot of paper which I knew to be 'immediate or quick if possible,' and we determined to show what could be done. When the order was precived the trees from which the paper was necessity 1 had at sucher from a New York newspaper for a lot of paper which I knew to be 'immediate or quick if possible,' and we determined to show what could be done which equally exhibited how things could be done which order was precived the trees from which the paper was necessity 1 had at sucher from a New York newspaper for a lot of paper which I knew to be 'immediate or quick if possible,' and we determined to show what could be done which equally exhibited how things could be done which equally exhibited how the paper which the paper was precised to the man of the paper whi

VAIVE.

tomers and special orders. A forest of the Treasury Department, and pear in this converge working day of the

Representative Julius Kahn of San Fran n my foresight, and I have clsco is, as his name implies, a Hebrew. When he was a younger man in the Golder all favored the success of a democrat, and the younger set knew that there would be

ordinances are not very well understood," explained a well-known attorney to a Star

DID NOT KNOW HIS BRAND. Result Was That the Maverick Got in the Wrong Corral.

all happened in a church not nasticating machines which grind the trees mile from the city rost office. There was up into pulp, the next best thing has been a young people's reception afoot, and there lone, by taking the masticators into the was a program upon which appeared the name of a tenor soloist, who is given to scrambled hair, sombreros and necktle only the paper on which newspapers are that are vociferous. It was getting well

At one of the churches last Sunday there was a song service, and one mamma took "They were then unifreeded to the marther and the process of chewing them the common collection and the process of chewing them the common collection in the process of chewing them the common collection in the process of chewing them the common collection in the process of chewing them the first the first line of the selections was "I Love to Steal Awhite Away." It was drawled out in the good old-fashioned way to the end, and the finite miss after the first line seemed to be lost in study. In the midst of the prayer that followed she climbed up on the seat health to have the time the order was given to have the time the order was given to have the trees. I read one hundred miles



The way my hisband beats me is no longer endurable, your ladyship. I will pro-Divorce? Why, what are you thinking of, housekeeper! You should not act so

The man, after dinner, was trying to read his Star paper. But his wife was opposed to any such idea.

"The men who have lost their lives in " was as far as he could

husband of hers is a brute. Why doesn't somebody tell him how shamefully he is cting, dear?"
"Em-yep-er-how's that? Oh, poor

thing, you say? Don't know what's got into him. Lots o' troubles of my own. 'The men who have lost their lives in—'" "And, oh, yes, who do you suppose I saw
in F street today?"
"Pass. "The men who—'"
"Why, Tommy Thoup?"
"The men who have—' Tincup? Never
learn of him "

heard of him."

"Why, don't you remember the young man who played his part so beautifully in those amateur thearticals before we were married? And of whom you were so ferociously jealous?"

"Who, me? Jealous? Don't you believe it! "The men who have lost their lives..."

"Who, me? Jealous? Don't you believe it! The men who have lost their lives—"
"I think you'd better order another business suit, dear. That one is showing signs of service. Hadn't you better let me go along and help you to select the goods?"
"The men who have lost their—"Nother suit, you say? What do I want with another suit? This is good enough. Can't afford any more clothes this winter. Don't need 'em, anyhow. Old married man, on the shelf, through with such foolish—"

"Now, how absurdly you do talk! I don't armt you ever to fall into that rut. I want ou to always look nice, and you are not on the shelf'—the idea! Don't I let you list with all the members of our Euchre The men who have lest their lives in

The men who have lest their lives in the Philippines gladly made. Flirt, did you say? Who, me? Flirt? Never! Lon't bother my head about such nonsense. D'ye want me to look like as if I'd just stepped out of a bandbox all my life? "gladly made the sacrifice, and." "Oh, talking about bandboxes reminus me. I saw the loveliest toreador hat down at Trimem's for only \$12-marked down on account of it being so late in the season—and I thought."

"The men who lost their lives in the Philippines—Did you, honest? You've got another think on the way, my dear. Now, let me read my."

"Well Leonlib greeks."

of another think on the way, my ow, let me read my—"
"Well, I could get the material and make ie just like it even more cheaply. Oh, by ie way, you won't forget to pay the gas ill tomorrow, dear? And can't you have

bill tomorrow, dear? And can't you have them send up a man to test our meter? I'm sure it leaks or something, for the bills are something frightful."

"-gladly made the sacrifice, and—' Er—um—gas, are you talking about? Durned timely subject—ahem! Test the meter? What's the good? Let sleeping dogs and meters lie. Now, I'll give you a cent to boy ginger snaps if you'll just lemme squint at my paper for about—"
"Oh, your old paper! You always want

down town o' nights.

ON A BURNING SHIP.

Experience of a Young Woman in the

North Pacific Ocean.
"When I was in Scattle in December," ald a traveler just returned from Alaska the most talked-of young woman on the ken her with him on the schooner sailing from Scattle for Honolulu, general cargo, including 1,000 bar-lime, which ne was advised not to that season of the year. The r left the straits November 25, and explaining afterward that he thought it would be better for her to be drowned as she slept than to meet death on the ship's deck in the face of the waves and the "For twenty-five hours the crew battled

"For twenty-five hours the crew battled ith flood and fire, when land was sighted, ben Miss Shirk was told to get all the arm underclothing she had, for they could at tell what cold and privations might be accountered on the unknown shore. As itickly as she could she came from her ate room with a hand bag containing a way's of wooler underway. She inch. quickly as she could she came from her state room with a hand bag containing a supply of woolen underwear. She was informed that she could not take the hag, and that she must put on all she could take with her. She went back to her state room to dress, but the fumes of the lime were so strong now that she could not remain in the cabin, and she was driven to the deck, where she was compelled to dress throughout with the storm raging about her, all the men turning their backs until her tellet was completed. There was but one boat left, and but one chance in a thousand that it could be launched, and still less that it would ever reach the shore, but it was sure death to remain on the ship, and the boat took the risk and got away to traverse the male between the ship and the land. There was not room for all the crew, and several of the brave fellows agreed to take the chances of the boat coming back for them, but another boat put off from land, and they got into that shortly after their own boat had started. Thirty minutes later the Hera had started. Thirty minutes later the Hera was a sheet of flame from bow to stern, and was a sheet of flame from bow to stern, and she burned to the water's edge, going down in fourteen fathoms. The landing was safely made on Vancouver Island, Clayoquot sound, and the rescued persons were kindly cared for until a passing steamer brought them back to Seattle. Miss Shirk had not entirely recovered from her experience at last accounts, and she had given up going to Henolulu. The one thought, she said, that was uppermost in her mind during the storm was that her friends in Seattle would say, if she were drowned: 'Well, she oughtn't to have sailed on Friday.' Miss Shirk expects to go with her fa'her to Cape Nome as soon as drowned: Well, she oughth't to have sall-ed on Friday. Miss Shirk expects to go with her father to Cape Nome as soon as navigation opens, and I fancy she is a young woman of unlimited courage."

HOW A CLAIM PAID.

One Way of Getting Money Without Panning It Out. "There are more ways of making money off of a claim than panning it out," said an Alaska miner who had some luck with his pick and shovel. "For instance, I knew an Alaska miner who had some luck with his pick and shovel. "For instance, I knew a man of means in the Dawson district who had a claim which had failed to be as profitable as expected, and he didn't know just what to do with it to get his money back, until he had devoted considerable thought to it. And it was simple enough when he knew how. He quietly went to the gold commissioner and announced that he wished to pay his ten per cent royalty on the product of his claim for a year, which was \$60,000. The commissioner accepted the \$6,000 dollars royalty and gave him the usual receipt, stating on its face what it was for, with the number of the claim, location, &c. Then he 'waited patiently about,' like Mary's little lamb, and one day, in the course of human events, an Englishman came along looking for a good thing for some people who had money to spend. He asked Mr. Blank, among others, what he had to sell, and the smooth gent told him he didn't know exactly, but he would show him his goods. They looked over several claims that were practically unworked, and then in a casual way Mr. Blank showed the Englishman his receipt from the flood and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some muchneeded information."

On a Slender Thread.

There is a man in Washington, who is a shining light in, one of the prominent churches, who nearly lost his reputation, who is a hand in the clierk smiled four five times and gave him some muchneeded information."

There is a man in Washington, who is a shining light in, one of the claim he child in, one of the claim he child in, one of the prominent churches, who nearly lost his reputation.

There is a man in Washington, who is a shining light in, one of the claim he churches, who mearly lost his reputation."

There is a man in Washington, who is a shining light in, one of the claim he child shing light in, one of the claim he churches, who head in who his a man in Washington, who is a shining light in, one of the prominent churches, who head in Washington, who is a man in Wa worked, and then in a casual way Mr. Blank showed the Englishman his receipt for royalty on claim so and so. 'And, you for royalty on claim so and so. 'And, you know,' he said, with a wink, 'that a man

isn't paying royalty on any more than he can possibly help."
"The Englishman was right on to that little game, of course, and he sized up the \$6,000 receipt, looked over the claim in a general way and ended by buying it for \$150,000."

The gullibility of the naval bluejacket ashore is an enduring mystery. It would naturally be presumed that men whose lives are spent in cruising the world up and down, and in meeting up with all types of humanity, ought, in the course of time, to develop a really basaltic quality of shrewd-"Did you pay the grocery bill on your way home, dear?" she asked him.
"Um-huh?-how's that? Grocery bill?
Oh, yes. Paid it. "The men who have lost the rough-and-ready grafter than the black of the beach. The black-baths are stripped. their—'"
"I met Millicent Poorthing at the market this morning. She looks dreadful, and gracious sakes alive, how shabby! That husband of hers is a brute. Why doesn't ever seem to learn through bitter experience. Of all uniformed men-and men in

ever seem to learn through bitter experience. Of all uniformed men—and men in uniform in general are accounted pretty easy by the beach grafters—the naval blue-jackets are perhaps the most susceptible to the cajolery, flattery, fawning and scheming of the chaps ashore who make a business of fattening on them. And it would seem that the older and more experienced the sailorman, the easier he is.

A few years ago the writer attended a county fair in a small town in Westchester county, about half an hour's ride from New York city. Several of the ships of the North Atlantic squadron were then lying in the sound, and about 200 of the bluejackets came ashore and spent the afternoon at the fair, or trying to observe the positive eagerness with which the sailormen, all of them with their month's pay under their mustering shirts, went up against the shell games and fixed wheels and devised chuckaluck and the phony games in general that were scattered around on the outside of the grounds. All of the games belonged to the "heads-I-win-talls-you-lose" class, but the sailormen, many of whom had been around the world half a dozen times, just ate them up. A good many of the jacks never got inside the fair grounds at all, having gone broke before they so much as reached the gate. Those of them who didn't go to financial smash before they got into the grounds sloughed off their wages at the phony games after they came out, and the grafters all had leather bags filled with gold coin to carry away at the wind-up of the afternoon. One of these cheerful workers—a sharp-faced manipulator of the shells—remarked, saturninely, as he gath-cred his goar together and hefted his sack of yellow coin:

"Talk about your Rubes and layseeds, Uncle Sammio's sead-wight."

crs—a sharp-faced manipulator of the shells—remarked, saturninely, as he gath-cred his gear together and hefted his sack of yellow coin:

"Talk about your Rubes and hayseeds, Uncle Sammie's swabs with the bell bottoms are good enough for me."

In all of the cities of the country where there are navy yards—except Washington, the navy yard here being no longer a rendezvous for ships of war—the rum mill keepers who build up a clientele of blue-jackets have got the art of holding on to their patronage beautifully worked up. They toady to the tars, employ their cheap blandishments in dealing with them, and very often practically carry them off from their ships—tied up at the navy yard docks—by main ferce, to their sawdust-carpeted wet-goods emporiums. The proprietors of some of the saloons that adjoin the navy yards seem to have the ships' muster rools, not to say the paymasters' accounts, at their fingers' ends. They appear to know to a day when the roystering, drinking men are to be discharged, as well as the amounts the roysters are to be "paid off" with. When a ship with a crew of many men whose enlistments are about expiring returns from a foreign station the keeper of the rum mill adjoining a navy yard goes about the job of wheedling the short-time men, to the end of accumulating their savings when they are discharged, with rude diplomacy.

He togs himself out in his best, which generally includes a dazzling array of rose diamonds, and spends the greater part of a Gay aboard the rewly returned ship. The gin-mill man knows most of the men of the crew, especially the old timers among them, and he nakes himself known to the others. He flits around the spart deck, with a gag here and a caddling word there, and he likes to have the men address him by his first or his nickname. He sits down at a rough mess table, a number of the members of which are shortly to be paid off, and he becathes the musky breath of "sporting life" upon all hands eating a ongside of him. He is a hot sport, and the men one by one into corner stablishment in the minds of the crews ill the ships likely to return to his na card by sending them big bundles of nev

of corralling before they repair aft to the pay office to draw their accumulated sav-ings, there are always numbers who have and for months before their final paying off they have pletured over their pipes the scene when, arrayed in purple and fine linen, they finally reach their homes, with pockets stuffed with money, presents for all the women folks, including souvenirs from many lands, and a good, "decent" time ahead of them. They resolve to be "decent," do these planners of home visits, and fiercely resolve not to touch a drop of rum from the day they go over the side until after they have finished their visits at home. Many of them are men who, in their little inland homes, made records in their young manhood as reckless lads who heir young manhood as reckless lads, seemed bound to drink themselves to d seemed bound to drink themselves to death, and they are desirous of proving to all hands, when they return home after years of crulsing about the world, that they have made men of themselves in the navy.

Well, these are the men who fall into the nicely stretched net of the navy yard ladler of damp goods. When their money is gone they are reminded in no gentle terms that if they are going to ship over in the navy the time is ripe. And all their dreams of triumphal home visits fall, shattered, at the cruel awakening.

A HARD RAIN.

The Man Was Not Accustomed to the Tides of the Northwest.

"It rains a great deal in the Puget Sound country," said the man from that section, and I heard of a funny incident not long ago about it. Some chap had come from the Mississippi valley to take up his residence at Whatcom on Bellingham bay, where there are very high tides. When the boat landed him at the end of the long pier extending over the tide flats the water was low and the new man didn't notice anything but a wide stretch of sand be tween the boat and the town. It was in the evening about dark and was raining and he went to the hotel on the front street and stayed there, going to bed without hav and stayed there, going to bed without hav-ing gone out for a walk. The next morn-ing when he got up he looked out and the tide was in, the water coming up close to the hotel. He gazed at the widespread waters for an instant and throwing up his hands in astonishment he exclaimed: 'Gee whiz, but it must have rained hard last night.'

"Then he hurried down stairs to the office to find out if there was any danger from the flood and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some much-needed information."

wer. "Poker!" exclaimed the astonished moth-

"Poker!" exclaimed the astonished mother; "why, Jennie, your father never played a game of poker in his life."
"Well, mamma, they are in the room with the big green table, and papa pokes a little ball at Mr. Blank and he pokes it back again. Isn't that poker?"
Reputations often hang on just such a siender thread.

OWN FIRESIDE GULLIBLE / BLUEJACKETS MR. JOBSON'S LATEST FAD

"D'ye know," said Mr. Jobson, awhile be fore bedtime the other night, "I believe these cold water sharps have got the thing down about pat? People that believe in cold water baths the year 'round, you

"Yes?" said Mrs. Jobson, in a non-committal tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Jobson, positively; "I think they've got the right end of the situ-ation, and, what's more, I'm going to join their ranks. Met that Jinglebells fellow in the lunch room today, and we got to talking about how it was that I felt so infernal ly sleepy every day after luncheon. He asked me if I took my baths hot, and I told him yes. Then he told me that that's what alls me. Said that hot baths make a man dopey and no-account, kind o'. Told me that he took his cold plunge every morning as soon as he got up, and that it made him feel like a fighting cock all the time. Cured him of dysnepsia too. Jinglebells said and him of dysnepsia too. Jinglebells said and him of dyspepsia, too. Jinglebells said, and

as soon as he got up, and that it made him feel like a fighting cock all the time. Cured him of dyspepsia, too, Jinglebells said, and he's a picture of health. I'm just going to adopt that little scheme of his, and I'll bet that inside of ten days I'll have to be introduced to myself, I'll feel so tip-top."

"When are you going to begin?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Tomorrow morning, as soon as I get my eyes open," said Mr. Jobson.

"Aren't you going to use any hot water at all—just enough to take the chill off?"

"Not a pint—not a gill," said Mr. Jobson, firmly, "What's the use of fooling in a matter of that sort? Jinglebells takes his plunges just as the water comes from the cold water spigot, and that's what keeps him on edge and keyed up."

"But don't you think the—er—shock of jumping into real iey, cold water would be injurious? Would is not—"

"No. Mrs. Jobson; it wouldn't. It would not. That's the way with you women. You believe in half measures. You're always trying to fool yourselves. Shock? Shock nothing. What's the use of people coddling themselves if they see a chance to do themselves if they see a chance to do themselves for hop into a tubful of cold water right after getting up in the morning. Well, there's nothing in this prosaic life I lead that gives me half as much fun as fooling you up a whole lot when I get the chance, Mrs. Jobson, and here's where I've got a chance. I'm going to take a cold bath every morning for the rest of my life, rain or shine, winter and summer, and if you ever again catch me letting so much as a spoonful of hot water dribble into my bath. I'll buy you the nicest hat that can be pinned together for money."

"Well, I only thought that the shock might be injurious. Mr. Jinglebells, you know, is an athlete, and he's always at the gymnasium, and he's a big man, anyhow, and I thought he might be better able to stand—"

"Mrs. Jobson, if you think you're married to

"Mrs. Jobson, if you think you're married to a little, puny, undersized, soft-muscled man, all you've got to do is to say so, without beating about the bush. You think Jirglebells is so grand and all that, do you? Well, if I couldn't take Jinglebells and stand him on his head with one band tied behind my back, I'd take in plain sewing for a living. If you wake up before I do tomorrow morning, you'll oblige me by turning on the cold water in the bath tub and then waking me up. Then I'll just show you how a man doesn't coddle himself when he has a sensible end in view."

Mrs. Jobson did wake up before Mr. Jobson the next morning. It was bitter weath-"Mrs. Jobson, if you think you're married on the next morning. It was bitter weath

Mrs. Johson did wake up before Mr. Johson the next morning. It was bitter weather, and the sun was trying to break through a bank of cold ooking clouds. Mrs. Johson immediately let the cold water till the bath tub, and it made her teeth chatter even to look at the spigot. When the tub was filled she shook Mr. Johson.

"My dear, your bath is ready," she said, as soon as he opened his eyes and looked around the room sleepily.

"Bath? What bath? What kind of an hour is this to—oh, yes, bath—remember now," said Mr. Johson, trying to squeich the expression of dismay that rose to his features. "Bath—uh-hah—all right," and in eight seconds Mr. Johson was sound asleep again. Mrs. Johson shook him again, and this time he had to come to.

"Breakfast will be ready by the time you are dressed and have your bath," said Mrs. Johson, coolly, but determinedly.

Mr. Johson surveyed her out of the slants of his eyes, but said nothing. Ho looked as if he felt mighty comfortable under the warm bedding.

"Bath her?" humblied Mr. Johson when

Mrs. Jobson had left the room. "Well, I s'pose I've got to-."

He got up, looked out of the window at the cold, drear prospect, shivered visibly, put on his bathrobe, and went out to the bath room. He looked at the water in the tub with no apparent enthusiasm, and then he put his hand in it.

"Jimin!" he exclaimed, withdrawing his hand with considerable suddenness. Then he put one of his feet in the tub.

"Br-r-r-r-but that's frigid!" Mrs. Jobson, who wasn't far away, heard him ejaculate. Then he put the other foot in.

"Well, it's heroic treatment, all right!" Mr. Jobson was heard by Mrs. Jobson to mumble to himself. Then she heard a terrific splash, that reminded her of the tank fun of a captured walrus she had once seen, followed by snorts and gurgles and chokings and gaspings, and then three minutes of stertorous breathing, with some indistinct mumbling at intervals, A couple

distinct mumbling at intervals. A couple of minutes later Mr. Jobson appeared in his bathrobe.

"Jinglebells, ch?" said he to Mrs. Jobson with the look of a conquering hero. "Thought he had me topped, didn't you? Well, if there's anything else that you think Jinglebells can do that I can't do, just jot it down, will you, please, Mrs. Jobson, and I'll attend to it."

"Did you cajoy your bath?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, with the straightest face in the world.

"Enloy it? I reveled in it! It's what I'm

orld. "Enjoy it? I reveled in it! It's what I've seen needing for twenty years. It's just magination, this fear people have of jump-ng into a tubful of cold water in the winter into a tunuit of cold water in the winter ime-pure, imbedile imagination. Once the lunge's made, and you're all right. I love , and if you ever eatch me taking a warm ath again you'll know I'm not in my right ind"

mind."

It was bitter cold the next morning, too, and when Mrs. Jobson shook Mr. Jobson awake and told him his cold bath was walting for him he looked as if he might, under other circumstances, say some things her. But he got up again and went out the bath room, where he repeated the per-formance of the morning before. His gur-glings and snorts were more prodigious than on the morning before, and when he emerged from the bath room his lips were blue and his teeth were chattering.

"You are chilled through," said Mrs. Jobson.

"We-we-well, wha-wha-what if I am?" chattered Mr. Jobson "I f-f-feel l-like-br-r-r-rough!" and Mr. Jobson rolled under the bed clothes and covered himself up to the head. It took him fifteen minutes to get over shaking, and then he got up and put on his clothes.

On the following morning, when Mrs. Jobson woke him up for his plunge, Mr. Jobson came to with a start, gathered himself together, regarded Mrs. Jobson with grave austerlity, and said:

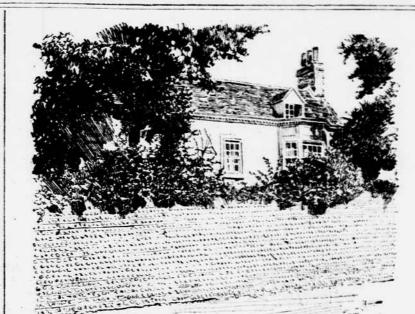
austerity, and said;
"My bath is ready, is it, Mrs. Jobson?

"My bath is ready, is it, Mrs. Jobson? Well, it can stay ready. It's pretty near time for you to begin to do a little thinking with regard to some of your methods, Mrs. Jobson. You saw to what a condition that cold bath scheme of yours reduced me yesterday morning, and vet it seems to have aroused no sympathy within you. You calmly come to me this morning, wake me out of a sound, health-giving slumber and tell me that you have another one of those deadly cold baths of yours ready. Mrs. Jobson, I revolt. I'm pretty easy to get along with, but when you try to folst fads upon me that are obviously designated with a view to getting me under the ground beview to getting me under the ground be ore the crocuses begin to pop and the col-ection of my life insurance by the time the spring styles are on exhibition in the shop windows, you overstep the mark, Mrs. Jobson-you overstep the mark!

Value of Small Change.

"It isn't safe to start out without a pocketful of pennies any more," remarked a member of the House the other day. 'Yet I can remember that when I came "Yet I can remember that when I came down into this section of the country, in army blue about thirty-eight years ago, a 5-cent plece was very small potatoes. We were camped awhile out here in Virginia, and my headquarters were in the big plantation home. A son of the house and myself became good friends, although he was five and I nearly thirty-five. One day, in lieu of the candy which I had forgotten to bring him from the near-by town, I gave him a silver half dime. I had forgotten all about the incident, when some two weeks later he came into my room, and, opening his hand, held out to me on his little pink palm the silver piece I had given him. 'Heah, Mr. Captain, you can have it back,' he said, plaintively. 'It won't buy nuffin.'

Cautious.



MR. KIPLING'S STUDY.

KIPLING'S VILLAGE

The Famous Author's Quaint Old Home at Rottingdean.

THERE HE LIVES AS HE LIKES

Retiring in His Habits and Not Fond of Society.

CHILDREN AND FRIENDS

Rottingdean is one of the quaintest villages in all England. In its time it has been the home of more than one celebrity, despite its remoteness, but today, being the iome of the man who wrote "The Recessional," It is distinguished almost solely as 'Kipling's village "

Away back, thousands of years ago, nature cut a crease in the long cliff which marks the termination of the South Downs of England. The crease has been broad ened by the elements until it is large enough to hold Rottingdean-almost, bu not quite, for a few houses have been crowded out and stand on the abrupt slope of the hills. At the mouth of the crease the cliffs have fallen away enough to form a little basin, on the shores of which the raves of the English channel break cease essly. Gently they break in summer, but n winter they dash against the great chalk

most interesting spots in a place whenearly every stone has its history a where the lover of the quaint can it something to admire at every turn.

Reminders of Old Times.

The walls which surround the dwellings are reminders of the troublous times in lives of many of the original inhabitants from the pikes and swords of malled freefrom the pikes and swords of mailed free-booters. History records more than one conflict in the little hamlet between vassals of opposing lords, and mayhap Klpling will one day give the world a tale based on some of the legendary scraps one still hears in the neighborhood. The stones in the walls were taken from the beach, and are rounded and polished by the action of the waves. Many of them are of flint. They are set in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern bricklayer ner-yous. The builders knew well the secre-

bell connecting the front gate with the house is, perhaps, the principal innovation. About the place is the air of carelessness generally attributed to literary people. A A Necessary Custom Which is Not great gap shows in the rear part of the

at one corner and the ccwshed at the other firther obstruct the light.

Some of the furniture is antique, as, for instance, a beautifully carved mahogany table and sideboard. But the author has installed in his English home many articles of American make, which seem "painfully modern" to some persons. A stuffed leather easy chair and a long library table littered about with writing material, ashes, pipes and a big jar of tobacco, show that the jungle story man is one of us after all.

"Morphine?" said I in astonishment, what has that got to do with it?

but it is a mere mass of gravel. The Kipling children long ago deserted the village green for the beach and Noank.

Noank is a Rottingdean celebrity. He has lived here all his life-sixty odd years; but his claim to fame is that he is a great friend of Kipling and the Kipling children, particularly "Wee Willy-Winke." Imagine John Bull as drawn by a modern artist, put an old straw hat on him and you have Noank. In suffimer he hires out boats and bathing cars. In the winter he enjoys himself much of the time at the "Black Horse" tavern over a tankard of "'alf and alf," talking politics or exchanging gossipwith mine host. Noank has read most of the Kipling stories, but he doesn't think much of the Indian tales and says so frankly. He likes "Captains Courageous" better and will talk by the hour with a Yankee visitor about the brave fisherman his claim to fame is that he is a

Go down to the beach almost any pleas-ant morning in spring or summer and you will likely find Kipling sprawled on the grayel talking with his own or a half dozen of the village children playing about, while nearby will be Noank, sitting on the edge of a boat, all ears and eyes.

The Author's Diversions.

Strolling on the beach is one of Kipling's main recreations. If the children or any in trying to knock it down, but he won't worry over the building of it. Indeed,

worry over the building of it. Indeed, every one takes a hand at destroying the forts the children rear-Kipling, the children, the ladies of the Burne-Jones family and sometimes even Mrs. Kipling.

Kipling does not shoot, seldom takes a surf bath, cares nothing for fishing. He occasionally plays hawn tennis, for about one game, but takes no interest in cricket. When not working he simply loafs. He dislikes attention and positively dreads the notice of strangers. Perhaps this is one reason he selected a home so strongly fortified, and why he generally is conspicuously absent from church. He feels ill at take except when among his few chosen se except when among his few chosen ends or with children. Children take to him as naturally as if he were the of the whole village. He dislikes to



Wee Willy Winkie.

antil late in the morning and his irregular hours sometimes vex his active, sunny lit-tle wife, who is fond of regularity. To see the famous writer sauntering along one of the streets of "Kipling's village" you would mistake the man every time. As he walks he sometimes tries to hum a tune,

but he has little perception of melody as one of his friends says, "when k tries to sing he buzzes."

The Kipling Children

The two Kipling children are thin, neryous little bodies, with restless, piercing black eyes. They do not care m other children. When their sister was alive, the three "flocked by themselves,"

are set in regular rows with a precision that would make a modern bricklayer nervous. The builders knew well the secret of compounding cement, for the walls still hold together as compactly as if cut out of blocks of solid material. Arches were left for heavily ironed gates mostly of oak and fastened by penderous bolts or locks with huge keys.

Of such a pattern is the side gate to Kipling's house—the one commonly used. The double entrance in front, it is supposed, was made to allow a troop of horses to enter if necessary when the owner needed the protection of his friends. But to pass from the romantic past to the commonplace present, it must be admitted that the broken glass which new is strewn along most of the walls is intended as a protection against the modern small boy instead of the knight or nan-al-arms, for the boy well knows the taste of the fruit in the Rottingdean gardens and only the glass prevents many an attack on their treasures. Flowers as well as fruit are to be found in the Kipling yand and garden, in the season, while one so fortunate as to get beyond the walls will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener.

A Quaint Old Honse. the Kipling yard and garden, in the season, while one so fortunate as to get beyond the walls will see many a bed or artistic corner, the pride of the gardener.

A Quaint Old House.

The Kipling home remains nearly as when built hundreds of years ago, with its small windows, high roof, now much the worse for wear, and its antique entrance. The bell connecting the frent gate with the left connecting the frent gate with the

MINERS AND MORPHINE.

Pleasant to Contemplate. "When I was in the northwest during wall. It was there a century before the present owner was born. The interior of the house is dark and gloomy except two or three rooms on the second floor. The huge wall is overhung by a grove of trees which keeps out much of the daylight from the parlor and illning room, while the stable at one corner and the cowshed at the other further obstruct the light. have gone from our camp over into a very ing came he reported that he hadn't made

"Because I didn't have my morphine with me,' he responded in a very matter of

and a big jar of tobacco, show that the jungle story man is one of us after all. The study is very mannish in appearance. From the window the author may look across the way into St. Margaret's pretty church yard. Just outside the portal is the resting place of William Black. No stone is needed to designate the place. Simple dooryard flowers literally cover it in season, and every villager as well as the city stranger knows its locality. From the other window in the Kipling study, which occupies a corner of the house, the author may see the village "green," an irregular triangle of ground, across which equestrians and pedestrians are so prone to take "short cuts" that there is little green about it save in name. Opposi'e the Kipling nouse live the "Hon. Burne Joneses" as the villagers call them.

The Gravelly Beach.

It's but five minutes through Kipling's village to the spot where the channel waves rise and fall. They call it the beach, but it is a mere mass of gravel.

The Kipling children long are deserted.

first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow es-cape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would." Knew the Symptoms.

From the Chicago News, Servant-"Shall I leave the hall lamp burning, ma'am?"

Mrs. Jaggoby-"No. Mr. Jaggsby will not be home until daylight. He kissed me five times before he left this morning and gave me \$20 for a new bonnet."

Mrs. Highblower-"I thought your husband intended to retire from business?"

Mrs. Glister—"The trouble is that John is never satisfied. Just when he thinks be has made money enough he joins another golf club."—Puck.

the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "You say the man stole your umbrella?"
"Well, I don't want to be too sure about it. He may have been the original owner." Well, madam, what have you done under similar circumstances?"